THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

DEATH OF THE TWENTIETH BUFFALO.

Pive More Cows Added to the Collection-A Big Bull Discovered-An Exciting Epi-code-Twenty Buffaloes Disposed of in Two Months-The Coming Storm Forescen. Copyright, 1887. All rights reserved.

VII. On the 18th of November, two days after our return from the Musselshell, Jim Mc-Nancy and Irvin Boyd rode over to the buffalo buttes, fell in with four buffalo cows, and killed them all. They also nearly killed their horses in the chase. The cows were strung out all the way from Dan to Boersheba, and three miles beyond, and the gathering of the skins involved over sixty miles of hauling with the wagon. The day after the kill we started over to the buffalo buttes, where the furthest cow lay, but on the way Brown and I drove to one of the others and took both her skin and skeleton. While we were at this task and I was piloting the wagon after its completion, Boyd and Jim fell foul of another cow, and killed her also. We camped at the buffalo buttes that night,

and, although we talked about remaining there for a day to hunt for more buffalos, and heartily not one of us was really in favor of it. There seemed to be an instinctive feeling, shared by all, which warned us not to do it. And it was a blessed lucky thing for us that we did not remain a day longer. Had we done so we would have got into a fearful scrape with the weather, and I shudder to think of what might have been the result.

Up to that time I had by no means covered myself with glory as a buffalo hunter. Eleven buffalos had been killed by the cowboys, while I was either working on skins or skeletons or piloting the wagon, and both Jim and Boyd were ahead of me on the score sheet. Jim had killed so many that I could not hope to come up with him, but I certainly did want to come in second. So when we broke camp that morn-ing and prepared for a start I said:

Now, boys, I'm going to let some of the rest of you pilot the wagon to-day, while I take a little hunt, for a change. I want to kill another old bull before this thing is over." Boyd cheerfully took charge of the wagon,

leaving the rest of us to hunt on the way back.
"Which way will you go, Russell?" I asked, as we get into our saddles.
"Well," after a little thought, he said "I

think I'll try my luck off east of here." My heart had been in my mouth until he declared his choice, for all the previous day and all the morning I had had a feeling that there must be some buffalo in the bad lands to the west. I had spoken of it to Jim, and wanted to test the ground, so when Russell chose the other direction we immediately headed for the country which so strongly attracted me. As it used to be said, I felt it "in my bones" that there were buffalos over there, for no one had been there lately.

The morning was simply glorious. The sunshine-flooded the bare hills with warm light, the air was still, the sky cloudless, and it seemed like a day in September. More than once we remarked upon the loveliness of the weather, but agreed that it could not last much longer. At that time there was not a flake of snow on the ground, and we dreaded the coming of any. But with nineteen buffalos already in hand, we had little cause to be anxious for the future, whatever the weather might be

While the wagon pulled off northeast back

toward camp, Jim and I rode off west into the

rugged country from which we first sighted buffalos on that memorable 14th of October. We met a big herd of antelope that came trooping over a ridge straight toward us, and although might easily have shed some innocent blood, there would have been no excuse for doing so. and we did not fire a shot. A smooth hillside off to our left was almost covsmooth hillside off to our left was almost covered with range cattle, basking in the warm sunshine as they leisurely cropped the short grass. A little further on a jack rabbit, almost anow white, jumped up out of a patch of sage brush, furled his huge ears back upon his neck, and shot down the side of a ravine like an arrow. When far enough away that he folt certain we could not hit him with a Winchester, he atopped suddenly, sat high up on his haunches to look at us and view the landscape o'er, then off he went again into a coulie and out of sight.

out of sight.

A perfect north-pole coolness had developed some time previously between Boyd and Russell, and as Jim and I rode leisurely along side by side, mechanically looking for buffalos all the while, we discussed it. We were riding up the bed of a grassy hollow which hay between two high ridges, and were talking about the virtues of patience and forbearance, and how much a man ought to endure before starting a fight, when, just as we rode up to a rocky point that had hidden the upper end of the hollow from our view:

"Good heavang. It were to some and developed and the source of the hollow from our view:

"Good heavens, Jim, yonder's a big! uli!"

I saw him first, owing to my position. We pulled up instantly. The old bull was grazing, with his head in our direction, and he saw us as quiekly as we did him. Up went his head, he wheeled on his hind legs, and in two seconds had dashed out of sight behind a point. He was a hundred and fifty yards away when we first saw him. We spurred forward and galloped after him as hard as we could go, snatching off our thick gloves and unsinging our rifes as we dashed along. Was the old fellow all alone? We were both very badiy mounted, and wculd we get him?

Two hundred yards from our point of discovery we came to the head of the hollow, and saw he buffalo just galloping over the top of the steep, rocky hill which rose from our feet, For the first twenty feet the ascent was very steep, rocky, and difficult. I had instinctively yielded the lead to Jim, as being "the bose buffalo hunter, but when he headed his pony for the only practicable route upward, the brute shied at a yellow stone which lay at the bottom, and suddenly sheered off ten feet to one side. Jim ground his teeth, and spurred and cussed, and seeing the path thus suddenly yeared for me I spurred forward instantly, and we were on ground fit to gallop over long before Jim overtook us. At the earliest possible moment I gave my horse spurs, and he flew forward at a jearing gallop. He was good on a short run, but he leoked staying power, and I knew that it weld in proversion of the ridge the buil was just disappearing in the next hollow. A few bounds further and I pulled up short, appraise to the ground, jerked the reins over my horse spurs and prepared to fire, I knew I was sure of one shot, and felt that when the old buil came up out of the hollow he would pause an instant on the opposite side to look back. I determined to take the chances.

I had hardly reached the ground when the old monarch hove in sight, scrambling quickly and even easily up the slopping bank. It was tempting, but I said to myself. Don't be such as

and washout any help, and I knew he was as good as dead.

Imparison and as quickly as I could I mounted and chased after him. We dashed after him and chased after him. We dashed after and across the intervening hollowin a way that made my pony's joints crack but by the time we got to the top of the next hill Jim was on the ground, and kneeling to fire.

He's done for, partner!" I cried out again, and in sheer desperation I dashed past him and rode right on, squarely between him and the buffalo. I know Jim must have cuseed me then, for the bull was within easy range, though still running. I went for him for all my pony was worth, and in 200 yards more caught up with him. As he saw me close behind him he acoped funning, and fell into a despairing wash. Presently he stopped and faced about, then Jim cried out:

Lock on now, partner! Don't you go too

close to him or he'll make a lunge and kill your horse."

But his leg was broken, sure enough, and his end was near. The builet had broken his humerus in two in the middle, ranged back, and passed completely through his lungs. It was amazing that any animal could make such a factor motion was for a moment or so, and I eagerly studied his cutilines with an eye to the future. Presently his buge body began to sway from side to side, and then he fell to the earth. He was game to the finish, which was not long in coming, for almost immediately he fell prone upon his side and breathed his last, and the only one killed with a single shot. It was the Suh of November, just two months to a day from the date of the start was the finest bull killed up to that time, and the only one killed with a single shot. It was the Suh of November, just two months to a day from the date of the start was the finest bull killed up to that time, and the only one killed with a single shot. It was the Suh of November, just two months to a day from the date of the start was the finest bull killed up to that time, and the only one killed with a single shot. It was the Suh of the was of pride and congratulation to the Smithsonian Expedition for Burfalos? If so, I will have to take it. I suppose, for it is too late now to go behind the returns. "Well," said Jim, in a busineselike way, "I'll go out and stop the wagon and bring it back here, so that we can take this hids right along now. So off he went at a gailop, in true coboy style. hard for mo to make any one realize how busy we were kept, how imperatively we were hurried and how little spare time we had for side issues during the whole of that hunt for buffalo. Up to the time I now spoak of I had taken a hand in the skinning of fourteen buffalos out of our twenty, but in every instance we had been so hurried and pressed for time that I had actually not even one opportunity to make such sketches and measurements of a dead buil as I needed and pressed for time that I had actually not even one

IN THE HANDS OF YOUNG IMPS. One Result of Allowing Brooklyn Half a

If the Mayor of Brooklyn, who is so afraid of adding the expense of more police, should inquire into the cost to the citizens of leaving them as unprotected as they are now, he would quickly change his mind and his position on the subject. The murder of Lyman S. Weeks merely emphasized a need that had been long felt before. That was one great evil resulting from the helplessness of the population. Lesser ones are too numerous to mention, and are. like the poor, always with the people. The town is cursed with bad boys who grow up in the streets and vacant lots, and, having no one to keep them in order, terrorize whole districts. Young Seth Low knew what he was about when he issued proclamations to the boys. The boys run the town.

About seven in every ten of the streets of the newer parts of the city are not even patrolled by the police. There are thousands of households in Brooklyn whose members have never holds in Brooklyn whose members have never seen a policeman on duty in front of their houses. These streets lie on either side of and between the main avenues, which are the only ones the police patrol, one policeman often having as much territory to guard as he can walk sound in six hours. The police in those wards admit that it would be easy to move a house after they have passed by it and before they would be able to get around to it again.

In these side streets the launds of laviess. In these side streets the bands of lagain.

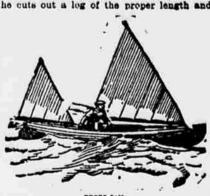
In these side streets the bands of lawless boys persecute the women and the store keepols cannuderstand; would be like brighted and the windows and will of each of the cate of

SAILING THE LIGHT CANOE. THE JOY OF EXPLORING RIVERS AND SKIMMING THE DEEP SEA.

Degouts and Birch Barks-Cruise of the Rob Roy -- English and American Cances --Pleasures and Perils of the Cancelst. "The canoe has been called the poor man's yacht" said Mr. Ernest Collamore, the mil-lionaire devotee of canoeing, " and in its modern form is really a miniature yacht, although no very poor man could afford to own and use one. In comparison with yachting proper, however, canoeing is inexpensive, the principal cost of a cruise being in time rather than money. If a man can afford to spend anywhere from \$50 to \$250 for his boat and take a few weeks vacation in the summer, he can get more fun and healthful exercise out of a cance than Jay Gould can out of the Atalanta. The canceist is Captain, cook, and all hands of his craft, and does all the work, from laying the course to swabbing the decks. He obeys nobody's orders and nobody disobeys him. As he sails the raging main or boils his coffee over the camp fire on shore at night, he can sing. or if he can't sing, he can croak:

Oh! I am the cook and the Cantain bold And the mate of the Nancy brig. The bo'sn tight, and the midshipmite, And the crew of the Captain's gig.

"Canceing is as old as the art of hollowing out a log. All savages that have climbed in the scale a peg or two above Mr. Crowley have canoes. The ancient Britons stretched skins over wicker frames and paddled perilously across streams. From the hollowed log are made the rudest and also the most elaborate craft propelled by the paddle. When the Chi-nook Indian becomes too old for the chase or the warpath, he begins to build a cance, and he works at that for the rest of his life. He has primitive tools, and he has to live to a pretty ripe old age to finish the job. The aged savage selects a suitable tree near the water and fells it with infinite labor and a sharp stone. Then he cuts out a log of the proper length and



builds a fire on top of it to burn out the middle. He must watch his fire and prevent it from eating its way through the sides by keeping the log wet where it is not to be burned. As the wood chars he digs it out, and after a while the log is hollowed. Then begins the hard work of fashioning the outside, and the Chinook naval architect sometimes carves an elaborate dragon's head at the stem, and spends years at the work. He dies just about the time the cance is ready to be launched, and leaves the rowning achievement of his life as a legacy to his family. The Indian whose original habitat was west of the Mississippl improved on the lugout by building his boat of birch bark; and he built it so well that the white man has been unable to improve the model. For the Indian's and the voyager's use, the open canoe of the original model, built either of bark or thin codar boards, is the best that can be devised, and white builders follow its lines closely in their craft dosigned for river cruising, fishing, and hunting. The decked cance, known as the Rob Roy, is simply the Aleutian kyak civilized. The original Rob Roy was built by Adjutant John Macgregor of the Scottish Eight in 1865, and was used by him on a thousand-mile cruise. Macgregor's published story of his cruise demonstrated the value of the canoe as a pleasure boat and established canoeing as a pastime, although the birch bark had been used by pleasure seekers on Canadian waters long before his time.

"Like the birch bark and the kyak, the Bob Roy was propelled mainly by the paddle, although Macgregor did venture to hoist a small sail when he had a free wind, and so relieved the monotony of the voyage and rested his muscles. By paddling out to sea, and even tackling the fabulous Macistrom in the German Ocean, Mcgregor proved that his cockleshell was a seaworthy craft when rightly managed, and inspired in others confidence to imitate him in making long and venturesome voyages in boats that seem frail enough to be knocked to pieces by the flap of a trout's tail uunable to improve the model. For the In-

THE SINGLE PARRIE.

"Since Macgregor's time the methods of building canoes have been wonderfully improved, although the general shape and model has been altered very little. But with the advance of canoeing as a sport the use of the sail has grown in favor, and the boats are built deeper and provided with centreboards and ail the appliances, in miniature, of yachts. Some of the cruising and racing canoes are elaborate affairs, and carry quite a large area of canvas. The tendency to increase the size of the boats threatened to turn canoeing into yachting on a large scale, and the associations were obliged to check the movement by limiting the dimensions of canoes, and imposing such restrictions as would keep the sport something like the original lines. The English bave gone to the extreme of building racing canoes that carry 300 pounds of lead ballast and sixty-pound fron centreboards. Buch craft are nothing but sail boats. 'Nessmuk,' an American who sticks to the paddle, and cruises because he loves the woods and streams and everything out of doors, voyages in a cedar shell that weighs only ten pounds. For lake and river cruising a canoe that a man can pick up and carry is heavy enough, and the paddle is the proper means of propuision.

"The man who gets into a canoe at the head of a river and paddles and drifts along with the current for a week or two learns what recreation really is. And he learns, too, more about that river than anybody who has lived and wandered along its banks for fifty years ever dreamed. You cannot make the acquaintance of a stream from the shore. Its life is between the banks. The river babbles in an unknown tongue to him who strolls along the shore. It murmurs all its secrets in the sar of him who rests upon its bosom and feels its heart beats. The summer voyager learns its ways and moods and falls into them. He lingers with the river in the eddles, learns the shore. It murmurs all its secrets in the sar of him who rests upon its bosom and feels its heart beats. The summer voyager learns is some the stubi



"When the sun goes down the voyager leaves the stream, hauls his cance upon the shore, and bids good night to his restless friend. He be-comes a woodsman for a time, makes his cam-fire, eats his supper with the healthy reliah of

genuine hunger, smokes a peaceful pipe, and furns in under his reversed cance for a dreamless sleep. The tired muscles relax and rest, pure air fills his lungs, and with the first glances of the morning sun the voyager awakens. A plunge into the river starris the circulation and fills him with vigor, and he begins to feel that keen enjoyment of being alive that comes only to the strong and healthy man. "For the man who has worked a year in the counting room or at the desk a summer outing with the cance means a new life and strength. Coming down with the stream, he can take just as much exercise as he desires and rest when he pleases. Paddling brings into play the muscles of the arms and the trunk, and the double-blade paddle gives more even exercise than the single blade. Open cances, like the birch barks, are propelled by single-blade paddles, and usually by two persons, one in the bow and one in the stern, sneeling and using their paddles on opposite sides. A cance can be propelled in as straight a line with a single paddle used constantly on one side, but it requires practice to handle a paddle that way. A peculiar turn of the blade just before it leaves the water prevents the cance from turning to one side. A skillul paddler can sit in the stern of a light boat and drive it shead without swerving an inch from a straight line, using his paddle on one side only. The Indiana usually paddle that way. The work comes uneavenly upon the arms, however, and relief can be obtained only by changing sides occasionally. The double-blade paddle does away with this disadvantage, and can be handled more rapidly and with less exertion.



"Sitting in the well of a decked cance and handling an 11-foot double paddle will give a man plenty of good exercise and immeasurable fun. The cance is a cranky craft, and the cancelst must expect to get numerous duckings. He ought to be a swimmer, because his upsets are likely to happen in swift or rough water. It is good practice for a cancelst to capsise his boat purposely, and try to right it and climb aboard again. He will find that getting aboard is no fool of a trick at first. The easiest way is to bale or shake out as much water as he can, and then get in over one end, straddling the cance and supporting himself by placing his bands on the gunwales. When he has mastered that method and acquired the knack of balancing himself and the boat in all attitudes, he may try climbing in over the side. That will give him some amusement.

"The sailing cance is a developement of comparatively recent date, but it has advanced wonderfully in favor with men of aquatic tastes. Some cances are built to be used undereall or with the paddle, and are made as light as is consistent with steadiness. For an all-round cance, one that has a keel or centre-board andis not too heavy to be paddled with ease, is best. For racing and deep-water cruising, the heavier and larger boats are used, and they will live in any sea that is not steep enough to turn them end over end. Cances have cruised along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida with perfect safety. But the navigator must know thoroughly the peculiarities and capabilities of his little craft. General knowledge of sailling is not enough. The ekipper of a merchantman would be as much at sea, so to speak, as the most arrant landlubber in a cance. Even experience with small sailboats does not enable a man to sail a cance safely and skiffully. A flaw that would cause a catboat only to keel over a trifle may capsize a cance in a twinkling. The margin between safety and danger is heaving many to the windward and makes live believe to remain in that position, because a man to sail



"The amount and variety of gymnastic exercise that can be got out of canoeing are astenishing. At the canoe meets, where all the experts gather every summer, can be found men who amuse themselves and the spectators by standing on their heads, turning somersaults, balancing on the prow, walking the decks, and cutting up all manner of monkeyshines in craft that are almost as cranky as rowing shells. The Esquimaux perform in their kyaks the feat of turning completely over in the water and coming up all right without falling out of their boats. Travellers who have described this performance have, in years past, impaired their reputations for veracity, but white men have learned the trick, and can do it in decked canoes. It requires practice and more than ordinary knack with the paddle. Of course, the well of the canoe must be tightly covered with an apron that fits closely around a man's body. As he is practically sealed up and made fast in the canoe, he must be able to right the craft from a reversed position by a quick stroke of the paddle. If he misses, he is left hanging head downward in the water with his legs fast in the canoe. It is not well to try this least for the first time without having a friend near at hand to correct any errors of ludgment or execution that might leave a fellow under water too long for health.

"This year will see a regular boom in canoeing. The American Association will camp on the shore of Great Routh Bay, on Long Island Sound, and there will be some interesting races between the crack boats. Poultney Bigelow, C. B. Vaux. E. H. Bayney, R. W. Gibson, and W. B. Stephens have rough-water clippers that are hard to beat. Mr. Yaux's canoe Lassiebeat the English craft last year and won the International Challenge Cup; but the English have picked up some ideas from the Americans, and intend to bring over canoes built on the American model and try to take the cup home again. Several of the New York men who have been cruising in Southern waters during the winner will be some long coast cruis

From the London Standard.

A drawing-room meeting was last week held to further the objects of the Society of Lady Breasmakers (Limited). There was a good assemblage of ladies interested in the society. Mrs. Hancock presided, and the meeting was also addressed by Mrs. Berry. Miss Ellis, Miss Forsier. Mrs. Mailst, and Mrs. Shaw. It was stated that the first object of the society is to find suitable employment for educated gentlewomen of small means whose tastes are not in the direction of literary pursuits.

To this end a dreasmaking business is to be started in London on strictly commercial lines, to do a class of work for which there is at precent great designed—that is, to do good, trustworthy work at moderate prices for cash per means, and in addition to supplying materials, to those who sak for them, to make up he being trained, one in Penes of the means of the ladder colleges which are now so popular, with a principal who will have charge of the social sife of the employers. To raise the necessary capital for this undertaking a limited liability company has been formed, and shares issued at fi each, ten shillings of which is payable on allotment.

A dividend of to disper cent is to be paid to share-holders and the rest of the profits are to be divided among the worker. At the close of the meeting many leadies, which are now so personed and shares issued at fi each, ten shillings of which is payable on allotment.

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FASHION AT EASTERTIDE. A PASSING LOOK AT THE SPRING STYLES

FOR LOVELY WOMAN.

Tollets of Ceremony-Tailor Gowns-Dancing Frecht-The Brides and Bridesmalds of Season-Some Hats and Bonnets. Fashions for women are pretty this spring. prettier even than they were in the days when clinging skirts and soft stuffs draped close about the person gave the name of "plastic period" to the passing moment.



TAILOR-NADE SUIT.

We have become reconciled to the bustle, or the bustle has shaped itself to our standards of taste. Women who know how to dress have taken hold of the bouffant draperies and puffedout skirts that have been offered to them by the makers of modes for the past three years and have evolved from what threatened to be expressions of mere extravagant fancy a quiet and subdued style of dress that is very pleasing. All the best features of the asthetic school are preserved except the short waist. That, alash has been sacrificed. Waists are ridiculously long and tight, but they are so draped with plastrons, fichus, loose blouse fronts, pleated bosoms, and long and short waistcoats that we must accept them as they are.

Skirts are really beautiful. At last our dressmakers have learned how to drape the new striped, barred, and plain materials in bouffant styles so as to outline the form without indelicate exposure of the hips, and to adjust the folds loosely without giving exaggerated size to the person. Viewed from the front the figure of lovely woman is as lithe and lancelike as ever, and bustles are resolved into simple extended hoops of steel, as flexible as a watch spring. The cloudy puffs of material falling over them preserve every outline that adds to the grace of the figure. No more flounces are worn; and how graceful women do look in the long, loose, and slightly draped skirts that are now the fashion!

The materials, too, are charming. The rage for the methetic, faded, and medium shades of color has subsided into a judiclous mingling of these fascinating hues, with pure bright tints of blue, red, rose pink, green, brown, yellow, black, and white. The value of a black and white toilet was never more appreciated than this spring. Easter brought out an army of

of blue, red, rose pink, green, brown, yellow, black, and white. The value of a black and white toilet was never more appreciated than this spring. Easter brought out an army of women dressed in black silk and warring hats and bonnets of black and white silken stuffs with jet and lace, giving brilliancy and brightness to the same. Amid the wealth of color, the symphonies in blue, green, luciole, gobelin gray, and rococo mixtures seen in the toilets of Eastertide, these black and white costumes showed to great advantage.

Jet and silver and iridescent metallic and glass beads have been improved upon until they are as fine as jewels. The rich fringes and flat tassels failing from artistic agrafies, when in the bands of a fine dress artist they are used to give effect to a black lace, a black and white toilet, a symphony in color, or a rococo frock and hat are as beautiful and valuable as real jewels. That does not imply that they are as costly. On the contrary, never were these exquisite conceptions and productions sold at such reasonable prices as they are this spring. For it must be borne in mind that a really fine, strong, well-made motif agrafic, fringe, or tassel of beads is as durable as lace, and should be treasured among a lady's wardrobe effects just as carefully. Hence it behooves the thoughtful collector of a treasury of dress accessories to choose all such The revival of Chantilly and Malines laces as leading favories, is another source of gratification upon which ladies congratulate themselves. Some of the most enchanting tri-The revival of Chantilly and Malines laces as leading favorites, is another source of gratification upon which ladies congratulate themselves. Some of the most enchanting triumphs in the way of Easter bonnets are made of gobelin blue or old rose or Pasmé or luciole silks, soft, lustrous fallies combined with cream-colored silk mull, and trimmed with loops of feather or pearl-edged ribbon, hankerchiefs of Chantilly or Malines lace knotted into a cascade bow, an aignette, and sometimes a few small, well curled ostrich tips. But this is not a feather season. Flowers, ribbon, crown and side motifs and brim trimmings of jet, of tinted gold, silver and steel lace, and beads, inside brim trimmings of feather-edged ribbon formed into pleatings and long ribbon and lace strings, and mock jewels are the features in dressy Easter bonnets. At the moment bonnets are more in demand than hats. But with street suits, tailor made, the hat is the correct wear. A high caftan-crowned turban hat, a tailor-made frock, and a covert coat, all as simple and severe in effect as possible, are the indispensibles of a fashionable girl's spring outfit. She may have as many other frocks, bonnets, and wraps as she chooses or can afford, but that tailor-cut English "rig" is de rigeuer. Fashionable men do not care to be seen walking with a girl that does not wear such a coetume. Dancing men will not ask a girl to dance unless she wears a dancing frock, short in the skirt, low in the neck, well fitted around the walst, and of lace if possible. They make low bows before those stately dames who wear long trains, dress the hair high on the head,



with velvet and large and lickled with the tip of a feather, while the wearer struggles through a waltz or cotillion.

Men like to dance with girls that wear their hair in a loop of categan curls on the nape of the neck, or if dressed high it must be decorated only with a jewel comb or pins, and a tiny bouguet of fine flowers placed in the centre just over the forehead. They like the girl

whose short round skirt of delicately tinted slik is covered by another of point desprit, falling in billowy folds over it to the hem or the balagues, the corsage low cut in the neck, and draped with a soart of she same lace, the sleeves short, or no sleeves at all, and flowers or fine-cut bead agraffes and flat tassels fringes looping the skirt draperies and decorating the bodice and shoulder straps. Then a string of pearls, a dog collar of diamonds, or a narrow ribbon must be tied close in the throat. Her gloves must be long and of a delicate tan or chamois color. Her stockings must match the color of her tollet or be black, and her shoes must be low, and, if she chooses, may be embroidered with fine jet or steel beads. But more plain black satin danoing shoes are sold than embroidered ones.

Since the tailor-made frock has came in vogue some women make the mistake of wearing it at all hours of the day and on all occasions except to a ball or evening reception. Now, some tailor-made gowns, when of the finest cloth, in delicate shades of tan, dark, chamois, and even white, and embroidered with delicate traceries of gold cord and braid, and decorated with tiny gold mess jacket buttons, are pretty enough to wear to a ball, but they are not suitable for that purpose. The morning, the street, the excursion, the meet, the outdoor occasion, call for the tailor gown.



The afternoon or evening reception, the garden and lawn party, the ceremonious visit, the carriage drive, in the park or around town, all demand the silk dress, the dressy frock of wool and silk broché, combined with lace and ribbon and made brilliant with bead agraffes, the short mantie of bengaline and velvet, or plush finished with lace, bead embroideries, drop ornaments, fringed tassels and agraffes, and bands decorating the shoulders, the high collar, the sleeves, and the tabs in front. Some of these short mantles are as protty, chie, graceful and dressy as Pron-Frou ever was. The toilet de visite, with its dressy mantle, and dressier bonnet, is the darling frock of the woman of the Frou-Frontype. She revels in its laces, its flots of ribbon, its polychrome (variegated) silks, its jet, iridescent bead embroideries, its pretty knots of ribbon, its buttons, its devices of all kinds; but, above all, its bonnet, which may be a tiny poke brim canote, gay with fluffy ruches of ribbon, with lace, silk, beads, mock jewels, aigrettes, thny ostrich tips, long gauze ribbon strings, but it must match the gown she wears. Its ribbons, its flowers, its feathers, lace, or crown or side pleces of bead embroidery, or the velvet and silk must be chosen with a reference to the prevailing or most prominent color in her costume de visite. The bride of the Eastertide of 1887 may wear a very simple robe of gros grain or bengaline or satin, with only a bertha or bretelies of lace, a tulle vell, and the traditional orange flower decorations, but she generally chooses a sumptuous ivery-white satin and has it embroidered along the borders with seed pearls, from which drop pear-shaped pearls. The corsage is high, the collar of pearls or riviere of diamonds make it still higher, the draperies are of old English, Flemish, Brussels, or riviere of damonds make it still higher, the draperies are of old English, Flemish, Brussels, or Mechlin point or some family laces, no mat-



ter what, so they are old, ivery tinted, and tastefully draped. Her sleeves are long or reach below the elbow, the long oversleeves as well as the outside sleeves are bordered with bands of pearl embroidery matching those of the corsage and skirt and the train. Orange blossoms loop the draperies and adorn the corsage and train. Diamonds sparkle in her cars and on her white satin slippers. She is a walking, billowy mass of creamy splendor, a wonder of lace, satin, jewels, filmy tuile, and orange blossoms.

High Church and Roman Catholic brides approach the altar ungloved, or with only one white, undressed kid glove on, the other being borne by the first bridesmaid. In her hand she carries an immense bouquet of white bridal flowers, it is suspended by a ribbon bridle to her side, and if she is a High Church girl she carries a prayer book of old vellum clasped with silver and decorated with a silver cross.

Great latitude is still allowed in bridesmaids' toilets. They may wear frocks, which must be short, however, not trained, of white or tinted silks, with overdresses of point desprit, made just like a dancing frock, but high in the neck and with half-long sleeves, or their dresses may be of crepe de chine, or China silk combined with moire antique or corded silk, or with strings silks for the petticoats and trimmings of Fedora or Pompadour or Malines lace, and have long moire sashes and corsage bouquets of ferns, malden hair, and rosebuds. They may wear white undressed kid or pale, very pale, tan gloves, and small capote bonnets of tuile, matching their frocks, and trimmings of Fedora or Fompadour or Malines lace, and have long moire sashes and corsage bouquets of ferns, malden hair, and rosebuds. Then there are other bridesmaids who prefer and are permitted to wear dresses of Surah in coloror white, on the coloror gauze that is plain or small figured, or silk muslin, that they may choose. The tints of bridesmaids dresses run through the whole gamut of rainbow colors and shadings, from jonquil yellow and Nile gr

Words of Encouragement,

From Harper's Basar.

George-Emeline, so you really think your
father cares for me!
Emeline-Yea George; why!
George-He promised me a kicking a month ago, but
hasn't given it to me yet. I'm afraid his friendship is
Emeline-Than, George, park e-Then, George, perhaps you'll get it yet.

REFORMING BAD ANIMALS. AN BASIER JOB WITH A PARROT THAN WITH AN ANACONDA.

Ohio Manners Have No Softening Influence on Donald Burns's Bad Snake - When He is Dodging the Reptile He to Bury Curing a Brooklyn Parrot of Profinity. Last summer THE SUN told about a desperately bad snake which had came into the possession of Mr. Donald Burns of 115 Roosevelt street, who deals in birds and all kinds of animals, and of the ruin the snake wrought in Mr. Burns's store once after everybody had gone-getting out of its warm box in the dead of the

parrots have not got through gossiping and swearing about that awful night yet. Mr. Burns said at the time that he thought the snake meant well enough, but had been soured by being abducted from up on the Amason, where it lived, and that all it needed was a little mingling in American society to make it a nice, respectable, every-day reptile. It was about 27 or 28 feet long then—an anaconda— and not in good health, because it had lost flesh studying up deviltry.

night and killing a young bear and raising hob generally. Some of Mr. Burns's cockatoos and

and not in good health, because it had lost flesh studying up devility.

Mr. Burns was mistaken in that particular snake, It is back on his hands again and more vicious than ever. It is curious, but mingling in American society seems to have given it points in devility, and it has made the most of every tip.

Mr. Burns sold the snake to Prof. Donaldson, Prof. Donaldson has a moral menagerie which he takes around the country every summer. He was going to Ohio last summer, and it was reasonable to suppose that mixing with Ohio people would have some kind of an effect even on a bad snake. There could not have been found a better place for a foreign reptile to study the American system of politics, and be impressed by it. Ohio people mingle American politics in everything, and nothing is commoner in their politics than snakes. But not only did this snake not improve in Ohio, but it went steadily from bad to worse, it manifested from the first a deadly aversion to Ohio people. It tried to get a grip on Ohio statesmen at country fairs. It looked upon Ohio children of tender years as articles of refreshment. Everywhere Prof. Donaldson went the snake scandalized him. He showed it once near a Baptist camp meeting, and it behaved so well for a time that he began to hope that it had had a change of heart; but the very first really good chance the reptile got he made a drive at a stout Baptist who got within reach, and tried to braid around him and mop the earth with him. Prof. Donaldson never knew a moment's peace as long as he had the snake with him. Its victous fame spread until it damaged the Professor's business. Even down in the whiskey belt along the Ohio River, where every gontleman is supposed to have no surprises left in the way of reptiles, actual and imaginary, of an astounding and alarming character, the fame of this reptile spread teror, and the peculiarly satanic gleam of his eyes revived long-forgotten horrors in breasts supposed to be steeled by experience.

ing and alarming character, the fame of this reptile spread terror, and the peculiarly satanic gleam of his eyes revived long-forgotten horrors in breasts supposed to be steeled by experience.

At last, after the Professor had, as a last ray of hope, taken the snake over into Kentucky and had seen some of the most eminent Colonels of that State turn pale in its presence, he gave up in despair and sent the snake back to Mr. Burns, So at Mr. Burns's store it now lies curled up in a big red box, which it has made well-planned efforts to smash, with the result, fortunately, so far of only breaking off one hings. It has grown greatly in weight and strength, and is now one of the largest, strongest, and most abandoned anacondas in the country. It takes two strong men to handle it—one to hold its throat with both hands, and the other to keep its deadly folds from twining about bodies and limbs. Mr. Burns thinks still that he may reform it. Prof. Donaldson does not agree with him.

"Speaking of reforming bad animals." said Mr. Burns, yesterday. "I am now trying to improve the morals of a bad parrot. I saw in the paper that a man is advertising for a swearing parrot, one that can curse up hill and down dale in several languages preferred, but he will do if he is really talented at English swearing. That is a most uncommon advertisement. The worst trouble with parrots is that sallors teach them to swear, and then people do not want them. They are hard to sell. I suppose the person who put that advertisement in the paper wanted the bird for a barroom or some other resort where cursing is congenial and amusing. Well, this bird which was sent to me to-day would suit that person of the most appailing oaths—English, Spanish. French, but principally plain sulphurous Saxon. It was sent to me from Brooklyn to be broken of the habit. The people couldn't have it in the house, and they did not like to part with it it is such a smart bird. There is only one way to break them of swearing, and that is by keeping them covered up and in

bring several hundred dollars. A fine Bengal tigor is worth about \$1.000. Mr Burns holds the big anaconda desperado at \$500, notwithstanding his apparently unconquerable devilety. He has to be constantly watched and takes advantage of every chance presented to do mischief. He has made several furious lunges at Mr. Burns, which were only avoided by great skill and quickness.

PEPPERING A DUMMY COWBOY. New Wrinkle of the Amateur Pistol Experts
-Quick Shooting and Target Practice.

The latest wrinkle among the men about own who drop into Conlin's pistol gallery at Broadway and Thirty-first street every even-ing is to shoot at a life-size sketch of a cowboy with a navy revolver, firing the entire six shots as rapidly as they can work the trigger. It is astonishing to see what bad targets expert shots will make when hurried in their shoot-ing. George Bird, who can easily count 68 in a possible 70 at the decimal target when shooting deliberately, shot two cowboy targets full of holes last night for practice.

In six shots simed at the head and fired as shots might be fired in a saloon fight,

In six shots aimed at the head and fired as shots might be fired in a saloon fight, only two would have proved fatal. Six more shots, fired almost as rapidly as a mantel clock ticks, all entered the target's abdomen, however. Any one of them would have disabled an enemy. Then, just to show the spectators that he was no slouch in shooting in the way to which he was accustomed, he stuck a playing card edgeways on the target and split it three times in succession.

This set the spectators talking about the exaggerated stories about the able marksmen on the plains. One man of the crowd had once been in a barroom fight in Santa Fe.

"There were ten men in the room," he said, what the trouble started about I never learned. Somebody began to swear in a loud voice a pistol shot followed, and then nine mer jumped to their feet, pulled their guns, and began an indiscriminate fusillade. The tenth man crawled under the bar. I was the tenth. "In about a minute the popping and the fingling of broken glass ceased, and nothing was to be heard but one voice. I crawled out, expecting to find the corpses piled three deep and but one survivor besides myself. When I got my head above the bar there was but one man in sight, and he sat on a three-legged stool caressing his left shin and softly swearing to himself. 'Hurt bad?' says I. 'You bet I am.' says he. 'That cussed hammer on my pistol caressing his left shin and softly was nurt."

"The cowboys all use such heavy cartridges that the recoil was calking her, and she went of and barked my chin so I won't be able to wear a boot for a week.' He only was hurt."

"The remark brought half the spectators to their feet. It became apparent at once that the marksmen are not at all agreed as to the effect of the recoil on the alm, or even as to the cause of the recoil began, and that as a matter of fact the recoil began, and that as a matter for fact the recoil began, and that he as a matter for fact the recoil began, and that he as a matter he balled, was due to the pressure of the gas a so

Husband (reading the paper)-I see that Prince Harold is dead.

Wife (an Augiomaniae, inexpressibly shocked.)—Is it possible? It seems too sad for anything. What was the cause of his death?

Bushand—He trotted a mile in 3 2014, and then died of blind staggers.